



Helping People Help Themselves

July 30 – August 12, 2010

NEWS

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# SPARE CHANGE

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Spare Change News

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The Streets Are Watching

In the last issue I formally introduced myself as editor of Spare Change. Now that readers have an idea of who I am, I would like to take the opportunity to outline some of my goals for the paper.

First and foremost it is my goal to keep Spare Change in line with its mission to provide a voice to the homeless and economically disadvantaged. Throughout its history, Spare Change has been filled with content produced by those who have lived and are living within the homeless community, including three pieces in this issue. The content provided by these individuals has been invaluable to the survival of the paper because it has allowed readers to experience each writer's unique perspective of life on the streets, and their dedication towards ending homelessness. Ensuring that Spare Change remains a voice for Boston's homeless is something we pride ourselves on. I not only encourage our vendors and members of the homeless community to seek out and produce rich content, I also look forward to working with them.

Along with providing a voice to the homeless community, Spare Change is also an opportunity for writers and college students who wish to contribute to the paper. Spare Change provides a place for professional writers to share their ideas about homelessness and social justice, while also giving college students the chance to gain valuable experience and publishing their work. I believe this is important because, well, that's how I got involved with the paper. As a communications student at Bunker Hill Community College, I was originally just looking to have an article or two published in order to continue building my portfolio. However, one article became two, two became three, and with each article I wrote I became more aware of the issues surrounding homelessness, and the paper's mission grew on me. It is my hope that other writers will have a similar experience; the more people involved, the better.

While the paper will remain consistent with

the outline established by my predecessor, David Jefferson, I will be making at least one significant change. Starting with the next issue I will no longer be writing a regular editorial in this space. While I do feel it is important for the editor to communicate with readers, I also think it is important for me to continue providing the paper with journalistic content. Furthermore, I believe we can best utilize this space by filling it with op-eds written by people at the forefront of homelessness, social justice, and education. I also plan on featuring short biographies of those currently living on the streets. Though I will occasionally write an editorial, I myself have never been homeless Those who have been working on front lines within the homeless community will be able to provide more knowledge and experience than I am able to.

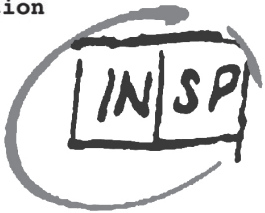
Another area in which I would like to see Spare Change grow during my tenure as editor is the communication between you, the reader, and the newspaper. As I said in my first editorial, your feedback is extremely important to us. If you think there was a story we should have covered, let me know. If there is a particular story, poem or even photo you liked, I encourage you to visit our website (sparechangenews.net) and leave a comment. The same goes if you have any criticisms. If you have story suggestions, please share them. If you just feel like sharing you thoughts on a specific vendor you buy from, please do. Your thoughts are valuable to the paper, and I am looking forward (and expecting) to hear from you, the readers. I can be reached at editor@sparechangenews.net

I am looking forward to working towards achieving the goals outlined above as Spare Change continues delivering empowering content to the community.

-Adam Sennott



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Vision & Mission

Spare Change News was founded in 1992 by a group of homeless people and a member of Boston Jobs with Peace. Spare Change is published by the nonprofit organization The Homeless Empowerment Project (HEP).

SPARE CHANGE'S GOAL:

"To present, by our own example, that homeless and economically disadvantaged people, with the proper resources, empowerment, opportunity, and encouragement are capable of creating change for ourselves in society."

HEP'S OBJECTIVES:

To empower the economically disadvantaged in Greater Boston through self-employment, skill development and self-expression. To create forums, including those of independent media in order to reshape public perception of poverty and homelessness.



# Helping Haiti get back on its feet:

## New England Brace Company provides traditional prostheses to earthquake victims

Robert Sondak  
Spare Change News

A New England-based corporation headquartered two hours north of Boston became a major supplier of traditional prostheses in the aftermath of the January 12th earthquake in Haiti. This major disaster, which destroyed the medical infrastructure in a land of nine million people and significantly damaged the capital city of Port Au Prince, moved the New England Brace Company (NEBC) to make a commitment to help the poor Caribbean nation. NEBC responded by sending clinical teams to Haiti to examine injured people and acting as an advisor in establishing a high-tech electronic medical data network.

The initial quake, along with the continuous tremors that lasted up to two weeks, destroyed many government buildings including the Presidential Palace and the Parliament Building.

The United Nations and the U. S. government estimated that one-fifth of a million people died in the event. The UN reported that 30 percent of the people who were injured were young children. Handicap International, a French relief organization, estimated that at least 100,000 people had amputations due to serious injuries.

Five months later, NEBC is still operating in Haiti conducting clinical missions and training local people to work as prostheses assistants in the cities and tent camps. The prostheses assistants help amputees put on and maintain their artificial limbs so that they can begin to walk normally. Most importantly, they are helping the amputees to take care of their new prostheses (by demonstrating the four regimen for a traditional prostheses), a long sock that goes over the leg limb followed by a liner made of rigid foam called pelite. Pelite forms a cushion liner between the limb and the prostheses. A nylon stocking covers the limb and the foam. Finally, the socket that connects the limb to the prostheses is attached. This allows the amputee to walk normally.

Accordingly to Dennis Acton, IT Director for NEBC whose, the magnitude of all the deaths injuries and amputations made Haiti a top priority. "Since Haiti and the United States are in the same hemisphere, working in Haiti made sense. The travel time between Haiti and the U. S. A. is much less compared to Africa or India," said Acton.

NEBC conducted a series of clinical missions from January through June down to Haiti. Whole teams were flown in that included experienced prosthetests, physical therapists, rehabilitation specialists and out-patient specialists. These specialists visited the cities and tent camps to examine amputees and also to help formulate



**TOP:** Prosthetists Karen Acton and Kelly Benard of New England Brace Company fit prosthetic limbs to amputees at the Harvard Humanitarian Initiative field hospital at Fond Parisian, Haiti in April.

**BELOW:** Physical Therapist Nicki Beaugard and Prosthetic Assistant Andy Darril assist Gregoire, age 6, with his new prosthetic leg.



a plan to create a national patient data base. From this data base, patient charts would be created and used to produce precise prostheses.

Once NEBC and its teams came back home, they helped to create traditional prostheses for an additional 12 to 15 people. 4 to 6 weeks later they returned showing the people how to use the prostheses limbs with the assistance of a prostheses assistant.

"Our physical therapists and rehab people worked with these patients for our complete mission until they learned how to walk on their own," said Acton.

NEBC also worked with the national government and the American consulting company GRT to construct a medical database system to get the personal information of the people participating in the prosthetist program on-line and updated weekly. GRT is internationally recognized for its technological disaster recovery work. GRT was awarded the contract to build this system which used handheld data devices by doc-

tors and trained prostheses assistants. "The question that I found as an IT specialist was how do we respond to some one-quarter of a million casualties that require tracking information-head counts, personal patient statistics and medical treatment information," Action said. "As an IT profession, I felt there was a need to create an electronic system supported by portable computing devices and satellites to help speed up production of prostheses's for people in need."

The earthquake destroyed homes forcing thousands of people to the streets with minimal belongings, such as the clothes on their back and what little they could salvage. Haiti has one of the lowest family income levels in terms of the dollar in the Caribbean region." Homeless people were all over.

To carry out its work in Haiti and to raise funds, NEBC created a foundation. The foundation has received mixed results so far. Their work has been internationally recognized and written about in the Boston Globe by Stephen Smith. On However, NBECO has also burned through \$40,000 while only raising 16,000 dollars. The sour American economy has hindered the relief effort. In order to continue the company's paid work, the relief missions to Haiti were on weekends which became taxing on the staff. "I wanted to help everyone in Haiti" Action said.

Other organizations have joined the relief effort, like the Handicap International and the Hanger, Inc a leading prosthetic device maker based Maryland. At the same time, people such as Reginette Cinelien, whom Stephen Smith highlighted in the Sunday June 27 issue of the Boston Globe, walked with her mother to her job in the market day.

As the relief effort winds down, Cinelien and the eleven other people in the NEBC Prostheses program will need new artificial limbs in the next decade. Who will build the new artificial legs for the group members to use the final step in the relief effort will be carried out later this year when a group of prostheses assistants will come to New Hampshire for extensive training. "We are starting to apply for visas and planning to do a fundraising event" said Action. For more information access the company web page.



# Impact: Boston

**IMPACT: BOSTON** is a two week summer program for Jewish teens that focuss on issues underlying society’s biggest challenges. This summer, Impact: Boston generously spent their time volunteering with Spare Change. They got to know our vendors as well as other members of the homeless community, experience panhandling, and even sold a few copies of the paper. On behalf of Spare Change and the Homeless Empowerment Project, I would like to take this opportunity to thank the volunteers with Impact:

Boston for their time and their willingness to learn about the harsh realities of homelessness. Below are some of the responses submitted by Impact: Boston volunteers about their experiences with Spare Change. Unfortunately (because of space constraints) we were unable to publish all of them. However, if you would like to see what the rest of the volunteers had to say please visit, [sparechangenews.net](http://sparechangenews.net)



## Lost\*\*

Emily **HOLLANDER**

Shock.  
The sun is unwelcoming and unwanted.  
Tears no longer cried.  
With short quick breaths I attempt to blend in.  
A mere child with immaturity running through my veins.  
This world is a bed of nails with me left unprotected.  
It first penetrates my modest skin, time passes and it goes unnoticed.  
I close my eyes, feel the promises broken inside of me.  
The lies tighten in my chest.  
I’m not here anymore. Not me. No one.  
My wounds are open.  
I’m running to nowhere in search of everything.  
I stop.  
My glazed eyes look up to find a promising place.  
I look inside the window only to see someone I used to know quite well.  
We’re becoming more alike every day.

\*\*This poem is about a girl who journeys from the harsh atmosphere of being a homeless teen until she finds Bridge Over Troubled Waters.



## “Everything Is Not What It Seems”

Shira **SOLOMON**

In the words of a Disney channel theme song, “everything is not what it seems”. These words hold true not only for a children’s TV show, but also for life as a whole.  
It is easy to go about your daily routine without thinking of those who are obviously less fortunate. Yet it is even easier to go about your daily routine without thinking of those who are not obviously less fortunate. Too many times on our way to work or school, we pass people who are begging for any amount of spare change and we pass them by without even stopping to say “good morning”. But who would have ever guessed that Mr. Important Businessman is one paycheck away from losing his house? Or that raggedy-clothed Dirty Dara finds true happiness using her million dollar inheritance to purchase and donate clothes to those less fortunate? It is impossible to tell a person’s social or economic status by the clothes they wear or the people with whom they associate. A homeless person has no specific gender, race, or look. Everything is, truly, never what it seems.  
This summer, I have had the privilege of attending Impact: Boston, an eleven-day summer program through the B’nai Brith Youth Organization taking place at Brandeis University. Part of the program is working with a non-profit organization around the Greater Boston area. I was fortunate enough to work with Spare Change News, where I met some incredible people who had a great impact on my attitude towards individu-

als and taught me that everything is not what it seems.  
On our first day at the organization, we had the experience of panhandling on the streets of downtown Boston. Some people passed by and scowled at us because they saw straight through our veneer. However, it was those who stopped to talk that left an impression on me. One sweet lady approached us and introduced herself as Sarah. At first glance, Sarah did not even look homeless. However, after listening to her story which included anecdotes of prostitution and cocaine usage, I realized that there are many people who don’t “look” the part, and were once less fortunate and have gotten themselves onto a better path. Sarah gave us a flyer for a program that would help us get off the streets. After talking to her for close to half an hour, we thanked her and she was on her way.  
Throughout my life, I have experienced a number of emotionally difficult situations and heard some tough stories. However, I never expected Impact: Boston to help me do a 180 degree flip on the way I view homeless people. It was always much easier to simply put my head down or pretend to talk on the phone and walk straight past beggars. Taking a look at the other side of homelessness has truly given me a new reason to simply talk to beggars, even if I have no spare change left. Working with Spare Change News has made me realize a new meaning to the quote “everything is not what it seems.”



# Be the Change You Wish to See

Jori EPSTEIN

Standing at a street corner, fellow Impact: Boston participant Alli Marbach [12] and I hold out a Dunkin Donuts cup and cardboard sign reading “Help and We’ll Be Happy, Spare Some Change Please” as people pass Finagle A Bagel. Looking healthier than most panhandlers, Marbach and I pose as economically disadvantaged individuals raising money and awareness for local homeless youth.

While we assume the role of ones less fortunate, the majority of civilians passing by made sure to donate a plethora of expressions rather than words of sympathy or spare change. Receiving sarcastic remarks, looks of disgust and innumerable rude comments, I was shocked and outraged by such reactions. Although in the past I may not always have been the first to extend my hand to the needy, I certainly don’t recall treating them viciously. Disbelieving stares and comments such as: “So many homeless kids on the streets today, aren’t there?” insult me.

Yes, I probably look a little better fed than the economically disadvantaged but it’s shallow and stereotypical to pair one’s appearance with a level of social status. If everyone were to do so, what should a homeless person have to LOOK like? To say one is fit to judge the discrepancy would be untrue.

After deciding to deliver our earnings to Bridge Over Troubled Waters, an organization servicing local homeless youth, my peers and I hear a client’s story. He appears healthy, well-dressed and articulate; does that mean his stories of living at a shelter are apocryphal? If this man stands at a street corner as he has before, it pains me to picture him as the victim of the cruelty we experienced.

Yet it would be inaccurate and hyperbolic to claim all the responses we received were negative. Personally, I am amazed as I remember how a single donation or friendly face counteracted ten rude pairs of lingering eyes, disapproving glances and insensitive comments. Complete strangers going to retrieve wallets to help our cause, sharing personal anecdotes or wishing us well with a smile inspired me. Over the course of our 120-minute jaunt as beggars, my partner and I received directions to a church, a recommendation for which priest to get advice from, Amtrak fare information, phone call offers and shelter directions. These unfamiliar faces werer not obligated to even pay heed to the two girls on the street, these warm extensions of hands touched my heart.

Although I felt uncomfortable at first spinning a tale for contributors, knowing that money funds Boston’s first solely-youth homeless shelter legitimized our actions. Maybe we aren’t homeless or in need of money but countless individuals our age in the Greater Boston area actually suffer from this misfortune.

By raising awareness for the cause, we hopefully alerted Boston citizens to the crises constantly surrounding their blind eyes. Homelessness is heart-breaking for people of all ages and when young adults lose bright futures to live on the streets, it is crucial to stand up and protest. I no longer walk past homeless people and turn the other way out of fear, discomfort or an unfounded sense of superiority. Rather, I stop and spare some change for the less fortunate; and more importantly, a smile and some words of comfort. I now know that in addition to providing a good source of protein and nutrition, a \$1.79 package of peanut butter crackers at CVS can make a homeless man’s day. But even more so, this small act of generosity and overwhelming sense of goodness it makes my day.



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Claire NUCHTERN

Walking down the carpeted ramp to the basement of the church, I felt the nerves. Nervous that we would come off as entitled or spoiled Jewish teens. Also, I was having some internal conflicts about how I saw homeless people.



In my mind, homeless people were more props or scenery than witnesses to my daily life. They were the amorphous “it” that ate the peanut butter and jelly sandwiches that I delivered to shelters. What would finally change my attitude was my experience later that day on Park St.

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Armed with my sign that read “Spare change to get back in school” and a Dunkin Donuts cup, I began my intensive tutorial. At first I was as mute as a puppet without its master. James soon approached me and my fellow classmate Liat, and urged us not to be so shy, following up with that wonderfully coarse laugh of his. We began to grow a bit bolder, allowing ourselves to ask passersby for money. A pattern soon developed. The men in suits would

simply keep their eyes trained ahead of them, allowing only their mouth to show their obvious disgust. The women with small children would try to cover up their kids’ eyes before they could finish reading our signs, trying to ensure that we would not corrupt their spotless lives. However, the element of surprise emerged when the homeless would give us, at the very least, looks of empathy if not their whole life stories. I expected the coldness from most passersby because (I hate to admit it) I’ve doled out the same treatment countless times. What I never expected was the advice and stories bravely offered up to us. One girl approached us wearing a tailored black blazer, a crisp yellow blouse, jeans and a Coach purse. After she detailed her struggles of being simultaneously homeless and pregnant, I was left shaken. I was hit by how most people, me included, spend their lives making assumptions. However, my parents could lose their jobs and I could wind up back on Park St. with my Nikes still intact. There is no one look for homelessness. Homelessness is not as easy to spot as a neon t-shirt, it camouflages itself differently under each of its victim’s skin. As time dragged on, it seemed as though the scornful looks and comments would never stop. I began to feel more and more isolated from society and simply put, alone. I will remember those thousands of looks for a lifetime. And that’s why, when I passed a homeless man while exiting the T- stop, I thought about how many hateful looks he’d probably already gotten that morning. As I dropped my panhandled quarter in his identical Dunkin Donuts cup, I looked into his beautiful blue eyes and knew that we were one and the same.





# COPING IN DIFFICULT TIMES

Mary M. McLaughlin, Ph.D.,  
President Emotional Education Services, LLC

Over the years, I’ve encountered many people who were struggling through harsh circumstances caused by economic hardship and I have noticed that there are often many similarities among these situations. Unfortunately, the initial adverse event is often only the beginning of a number of things that might go wrong. Job loss, which can lead to the loss of one’s home and health insurance, often leads as well to untreated illnesses, family conflicts, substance abuse and spiraling debt. If you are experiencing financial hardship at this time, it is critical to focus on efforts to prevent the initiation of just such a downward spiral. Do not let your pride stand in the way of obtaining the help that you will need. However, turn for that help to professionally staffed agencies.

Public and private funds have been set aside to pay trained personnel to help individuals in crisis just like you. Most often, these services are free. Keep in mind: it is not shameful, a sin, a crime or a moral failure to have setbacks of any kind at any time in your life and to need help for a while. Also keep in mind: in order to receive this help, you will not be required to surrender your courage, your faith, your self-respect or your dignity. You will need to be business-like. If you work with trained personnel from legitimate agencies, complete all paperwork and make follow up calls. Remind yourself each day, “If it’s going to be, it’s up to me.”

**A few survival tips:**

· In a crisis, it does not matter so much how you feel; it matters how you function. Do not wait until you

feel better to do the right thing. · Concentrate on what you are going to do about your situation today. Don’t think too far ahead: our greatest power to act is in what we choose to do right now. · Remember that feelings are not facts. For example, while you might feel overwhelmed, the fact is that you can and you will get through this situation one step at a time, one day at a time. · Another fact: you really do have some resources left. For example, you may have assets you can sell and people whom you can trust for good advice. · Be selfish for now. After you rebound, you can do something nice for others. · Beware of any predators trying to take unfair advantage of you in your situation, including friends or family members.

· Be on the alert for intrusive requests for private information and for “helpful” offers to purchase items far below market value. · Unsolicited and even critical advice might be unavoidable. Firmly establish your own priorities. You need not justify or explain these priorities to rude, meddling people. · Resolve to maintain a positive attitude; when you get discouraged, focus on gratitude, not on gloom.

A Quaker friend once taught me a tenet of her faith: “Everything you need is always there all the time.” Although everything we want is not always there, over many trials, I have found my own practice of her conviction about finding what we need to prove unfailingly true.

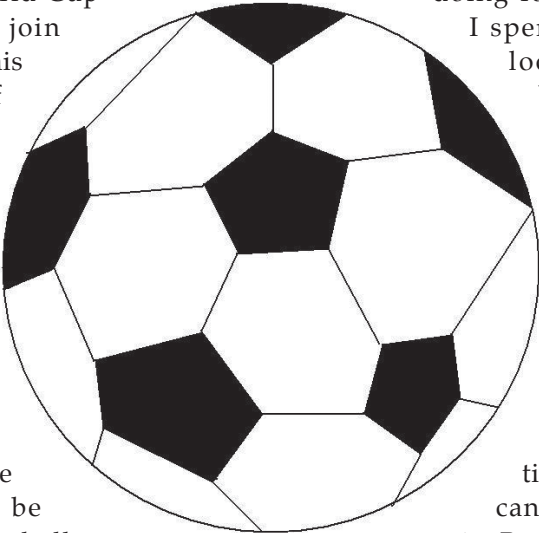
# Worldwide Vendor Spotlight

Isabel Mosimann  
Street News Service

After fleeing from my native country, Eritrea, I arrived in Switzerland in December 2006. Four months later I began selling my street paper Surprise. My selling pitch is in front of the Migros on Zähringer Street in the Länggass district. It’s great there; the people living in the neighborhood are so nice and helpful. There’s one guy for example, who helps me write my job applications. Preferably I would love to live in this neighborhood too, but up to now, that hasn’t worked out. Around the same time I started selling magazines, I started playing football for Surprise. We play street football. All you need for that is a small pitch and a net, three players and a goalie for each team. During the summer months we train every Wednesday evening in a schoolhouse yard. The rent of an indoor court is far too expensive. Even football shoes are sometimes a problem. I once wore really cheap shoes and they were

completely ruined by the end of the match. I used to do sports in Eritrea too, because it’s healthy. I played football as a child and rode bikes, but my specialty was as a 100-and 200-meter sprinter. In my home country I trained every day and was part of the international running team. 10.75 seconds and 21.35 seconds are my personal best times. In Switzerland I’ve taken part in competitions twice, once in Langenthal and once in Bern. Because of an operation, I was unable to continue training seriously, but street football kind of makes up for that. Because I’m so fast, I was even signed up by the Swiss national team and was allowed to play at the Homeless World Cup in September in Milan. Loads of languages were spoken in Milan. We spent a whole week living with 47 different nations in tents. We had loads of fun, listened to music, danced and laughed together. It also did wonders for my German! That was a lovely time, even though we were ranked 38th. There was strong

competition. This year the Homeless World Cup is going to take place in Brazil. The rules state that everyone can only travel to the World Cup once, so I can’t join the team again this autumn, but of course I wish them the best of luck. I’m also following the real World Cup. I am really happy that it is being held in Africa for the first time. Maybe there will even be a World Cup football team in Eritrea one day, who knows. In the meantime, I am captain of my team, “Surprise Lorraine Bern”. This season we’ve already had tournaments in Basel, Bern and Zurich. If I ever drop out of the game as a player, I might become a coach. But I have to



say, it’s almost impossible for me to just stand on the side and watch when there’s a game on! As well as selling Surprise and doing football training, I spend a lot of time looking for a job. Up to now I’ve applied for 260 positions and gotten 165 rejections back. At the moment, finding a job is my biggest dream. I did a six-month apprenticeship in a school canteen, La Cultina in Bern, and learned how to do the buffet, serve and do general kitchen duties. If I work really hard and earn accordingly, I’ll invite my mother over for a holiday.



# The Purloined Heart III:

## Be Careful What You Wish For



**Jacques Fleury**  
Spare Change News

### Gulp Fiction

Joey Defalco's father had prepared the love potion for him to use on Clark Bent by the next weekend, as promised. The potion was in the same type

of bottle that genies come out of in fantasy movies. It was a blood-colored liquid and the Houngan told Joey Defalco to put it in Clark Bent's drink. Joey Defalco made plans to go camping with Clark Bent that same weekend and he felt anxious in anticipating the moment when he would cast the love spell on him.

He thought about when he had been sick when he was just seven years old, and his mother had believed that he was under some evil spell of the local Houngan. The Houngan who had been a friend of his family and he had made fun of him. You see, the Houngan had these weird lips. His upper lip was much shorter than the lower and looked as if it was turned inside out causing his front teeth to be permanently exposed. One day, while he was running by, 7 year old Joey Defalco—who was sitting on his front porch with cohorts he wanted to impress—called out, “Hey, it’s the man with the weird lips!” And all the kids cried out “Oooooohhhh...” and fell into a hush of shock that Joey Defalco would dare insult the most feared man in the neighborhood. The Houngan looked over at Joey Defalco and said “Oke Ti pi tit mwouin,” which is Creole for “O.K. my son.” Feeling consumed by fear and regret, Joey Defalco confided in his dad about what the Houngan said. To his horror, his dad told him that when the Houngan used the words “My son”, that meant quite literally that he now possessed Joey Defalco's soul. Later that day, his dad went to the Houngan and asked for a pardon for his son; to his relief, the pardon was granted.

Clark Bent picked up Joey Defalco for the camping trip on a Sunday afternoon. Some storm clouds were gathering in the mostly blue skies and the birds were scurrying around and chirping very loudly. Once Clark Bent reached the highway and with his eyes still on the road, he reached over for Joey Defalco's hand and gave it a tight squeeze before letting go and putting his hand back on the wheel. Joey Defalco felt a rush of guilt and pleasure; the guilt due to his pending sorcerer like trick on Clark Bent. Fearing that his eyes would give him away, he looked away from Clark Bent to stare out the window and out into the open fields of deep green trees. His thoughts were flashing by as

fast as the trees themselves. He started thinking about how he would execute his plan. In order to mask the potion, he brought the ingredients to make “Sex on the Beach,” a drink that is already reddish in color.

Later that evening, they sat by the fire roasting marshmallows and Joey Defalco decided to break the silence and engage Clark Bent in conversation.

“So...how does it feel to be married?” he asked with his eyes transfixed on the flickering of the yellowish-orange fire. The flames had an occasional tinge of blue and created shadows that danced around their mysterious surroundings.

“It’s alright, I guess. It’s a little different than what I expected,” said Clark Bent as he, too stared into the fire.

“Well, what did you expect?” Joey Defalco looked over at Clark Bent with furrowed brows.

“I suppose I thought that the honeymoon stage would last at least five years or so. But as it turned out, it’s more like five months. Maybe we shoulda waited on having the kid and all.”

They were surrounded by night, shadows, and the sounds of crickets chirping, which combined to accentuate nature's presence. He looked up to see the moon hovering seemingly directly over Clark Bent's head creating the illusion of a halo. He opened his mouth to say something to Clark Bent but then changed his mind, not wanting to spoil the moment by making some silly nelly emotional confession. He then began to take furtive glances at Clark Bent until he could no longer help himself and just surrendered to completely ogling him. Clark Bent still staring at the fire began to say “I...I...” but could not complete his sentence. Joey Defalco was starting to feel antsy as he began to think about how he was going to taint Clark Bent's drink. He almost changed his mind when he looked over and saw how angelic Clark Bent looked as the firelight gleamed off his face, almost making him look like a glowing half smiling Halloween pumpkin. But then he thought, “I’ve come this far, I might as well go through with it.”

“Would you care to have a drink with me before we go to bed?”

“Sure, I don’t see why not.” And so Joey Defalco began to pour the drinks with his back to Clark Bent. He pulled out the potion in a stealthy fashion and quickly poured it into Clark Bent's drink. He then turned around with a smile on his face and said, “There you are. Just what the doctor ordered.” He poured his drink and joined Clark Bent in a toast. “To a long friendship and a long life,” said Joey Defalco as Clark Bent nodded “Ditto.” Except

for Clark Bent, his life would soon come to a gruesome end.

That night, they laid together in complete silence, both pretending to sleep by keeping their eyes closed, but their thoughts were running amuck. What Clark Bent wasn't saying to Joey Defalco was: “I don’t know nor do I understand what’s going on here. I have these feelings for you, but yet I’m not gay. Even though we’re going through a rough time right now, I love my wife and I’m not about to leave her for an uncertain future with you as some type of gay couple. But yet, I’ve fallen in love you. So what am I gonna do? This whole thing is so fucking confusing!”

What Joey Defalco was not saying to Clark Bent was: “I love you with all my heart and I’m convinced you love me too. I know you think you’re straight, but you’re not. I can tell by the way you look at me when you think I’m not looking, by the way you touch me and run your finger gently over my face, lips and down to my belly button, which you just love to play with. I know we have not gone all the way, but it’s just a matter of time before you come to your senses.”

About a week after that night, Clark Bent began to show signs that the portion was working. He began to spend every day with Joey Defalco and hardly ever went home to his wife after work. Delfina located Joey Defalco's phone number in Clark Bent's cell phone and began calling him and demanding that he tell Clark Bent to come home to her. But Joey Defalco would just roll his eyes, mutter “Crazy bitch” and hang up on her.

Clark Bent even began to go all the way with Joey Defalco, sometimes four to five times a day. Clark Bent just couldn't seem to keep his hands off Joey Defalco. Sometimes, he would be cooking dinner, and Clark Bent would sneak up on him from behind, and the next door neighbors would start banging on the walls. Little did he know that Clark Bent's excessive attention would eventually drive him to commit murder.

To Be Continued...

Jacques Fleury is a Poet, Author and Columnist; his book “Sparks in the Dark: A Lighter Shade of Blue, A Poetic Memoir” about life in Haiti & America was featured in the Boston Globe. Sample or buy the book at: [www.lulu.com](http://www.lulu.com). 20% of proceeds will go to Haiti charity Partners in Health. For personal appearances or comments, contact Jacques at: [haitianfirefly@gmail.com](mailto:haitianfirefly@gmail.com).





PHOTO / JANINE CALLEN

**Doug Holder’s Furnished Room**  
Newbury Street, Boston-1978-2003  
by Doug Holder

The raw, coiled  
red glare  
of the hot plate

the urine stain  
of a sink  
and the waft  
of Red Sauce  
from Davio’s below

The head  
a short anxious scamper  
down the hall

the hacking cough  
of the retired civil servant  
through a thin wall.

And the spinster  
who peers from  
the crack in her door  
gathers her pennies  
and courage  
for her big trip  
to the corner store,

the wooden ladder that  
ascended to a tar roof  
the sweet /sorrow scent of city, rain and sea. . .  
and my youth. . .

**Second Day Autumn**  
by Kathleen Chapman

Red headed woodpeckers at work on  
the yellow wood tree  
Turn their heads to gaze at me  
as if to grant their wish  
To flyaway, flyaway, flyaway far  
away from this tangle  
of clematis, wisteria, broken brick  
and tar.

As if their life depended on it  
they hunt for bugs  
and peck away  
even the most doldrum  
hours of the day.

Dark haired strangers at work at their desks  
inside a broken house of spent energies  
in their beds they know no rest.

While outside yellow birds sing and hum  
waiting for our work to be done  
to join them and do that thing we know best.

Come outdoors with me darling  
it’s been such a long time  
since you carried baskets, flowers and vine.

Walking through sunshine and walking through shadow  
we people from the house are free  
if for just a minute a mighty short time  
to spend frilling and trilling  
carrying baskets, flowers and vine.

**PRAY FOR THE LOST SOULS**  
RobynFox Hardy

As the day falls,  
There’s a scream in the wind,  
As the china doll breaks,  
Life has just begun.

Take a look inside,  
What do you see,  
It’s a soul floating,  
High above the room.

Baby cries “love me,”  
A dog barks for food,  
Old man wishes for warmth,  
With hope in their hearts,  
A whisper in the night,  
Shows no mercy for time,  
As a lost one dies,  
A world falls apart.

Pray for the lost souls,  
Flowing around the universe,  
With the love you send,  
Tell them they can come home.



Poems may be submitted to: Marc D. Goldfinger,  
76 Unity Ave. Belmont MA, 02478

or email: [sparechange-poetry@gmail.com](mailto:sparechange-poetry@gmail.com). SCN cannot return poetry  
submissions, and authors will be contacted only if their poems are published.

**Every Thursday**  
Squawk Coffeehouse, 9 pm  
1555 Mass Ave., Cambridge  
Open mike for poets and musicians.

**Every Saturday**  
Out of the Blue Gallery, 8 pm  
106 Prospect St., Cambridge  
\$3-5 suggested donation.  
671- 354-5287

**Every Sunday**  
Lizard Lounge Poetry Slam, 7 pm  
1667 Mass. Ave., Cambridge  
\$5. 671- 547-0759

**Every Monday**  
Out of the Blue Gallery, 8 pm  
106 Prospect St., Cambridge  
\$4 suggested donation.  
617-354-5287

**Every Wednesday**  
Boston Poetry Slam, 8 pm  
Cantab Lounge, 738 Mass. Ave.,

Cambridge  
\$3. 21+. 617-354-2685

**Second Thursday of Every Month**  
Tapestry of Voices, 6:30 pm  
Borders, 10 School St., Boston  
Free. 617-557-7188

**Second Tuesday of Every Month**  
Newton Free Library, 7 pm  
330 Homer St. 617-796-1360

**Third Saturday of Every Month**  
Boston Haiku Society meeting,  
2-6 pm

Kaji Aso Studio,  
40 St. Stephen St., Boston  
\$3. 617-247-1719

*Poetry event listings may be  
submitted to  
[sceditor@homelessempowerment.org](mailto:sceditor@homelessempowerment.org)*



Artwork by Michael Simpson, a vendor for *Spare Change* who is known for selling his artwork on Boston Common.

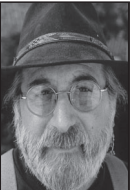




# Voices From The Streets

Voices from the Streets - a forum for those whose voices are too often ignored. From narratives to opinion to advice, these writers portray a unique perspective on life that might otherwise go unnoticed. Below, find that turning an ear towards those normally silenced opens the door to understanding and relating to those who have faced life on the street.

## Tales of Inner City: The Virus (Part 2)



Marc D. Goldfinger  
Spare Change News

*Taken from the Diaries of the Damned---  
Insect-O-War*

“Clog. You are going to clog your rig.”

“Oh.” Dean pulled the needle out of his arm and pressed down on the bulb to spray the old blood into the sink. There was a brief hesitation and then the grimy porcelain sink was covered in red. He ran water through the point. He put the needle into the water again and began to draw the water up, but his eyes closed, his head drooped down, and he stood like a statue.

Peddlar touched his arm and he opened his eyes.

“How long have we been in the bathroom?” asked Dean.

“Too long. Let’s clean up and get back out there,” said Peddlar.

“What about him?” Dean pointed to the guy laying on the floor of the third stall.

“Wow. I forgot about him.”

Peddlar walked over to him and began to go through his pockets.

“Hey, you got to split anything you find with me,” said Dean.

Peddlar looked up at Dean and smiled. He held up a bundle of bags and a few dollars.

“We’re good.”

“Yeah,” said Dean and they walked back out into the bar.

Sky was still sitting at the table with the young men.

“None of these statements are facts,” said Sky.

“We can only assume what is true.”

The young men bobbed their heads as he talked. One of them spoke.

“We believe them all,” he said.

Peddlar and Dean sat down and ordered drinks from the waitress.

“Did you hear about the virus?” asked Sky.

“Something came on the radio about it as we were driving in. I didn’t really pay attention to it because I was looking for some good tunes,” Dean said.

Peddlar turned to Dean. “Yeah, just when I started to pay attention, that asshole changed the station.”

“You could have told me to go back to it,” said Dean.

Sky tapped on the table to get their attention. He

leaned forward and spoke softly. Their heads all leaned in over the table like the petals of a flower closing over the button in the middle.

“This might be the best thing that ever happened to the city. Soon we may be the only people left. Junk is the only cure.”

“But I thought the junk only held the virus in stasis,” said Dean.

Peddlar was watching as someone walked into the bathroom. He smiled when they came out quick and went over to the bartender. He saw the bartender lean his head toward the man and nod a few times as if he were listening intently. Someone ordered a drink and the bartender put a shot glass on the wooden counter and spilled the amber liquid into the thick glass. There was an exchange of cash and the patron poured the shot down his throat.

The bartender turned back toward the other man and his mouth moved. The man shook his head and walked over to the pay phone. He used the phone and left, shaking his head.

The bartender went into the bathroom and came out dragging the man from the stall. Someone opened the front door of the bar and they dumped the man onto the broken cement sidewalk in front of the bar.

Suddenly there was yelling in the street and everyone looked up. A woman ran down the street screaming. It seemed like saliva was spraying everywhere as she fell and ripped her knees while the patrons of the bar watched. Her eyes were rolling wildly in her head.

Sky turned to the others at the table. “She could use a shot to straighten her out.”

“We all could,” said Peddlar and everyone laughed because they knew it was true.

The woman disappeared down the street. They could no longer see her but her screaming still echoed in their ears. Suddenly there was the sound of sirens. The sound seemed to come from everywhere.

The bartender shut the door and walked behind the bar. He poured himself a drink, tossed it down, grabbed something wrapped in a handkerchief from under the bar, asked Sky to watch the register and then disappeared into the bathroom.

Dean closed his eyes and began to dream. Someone turned on the television set. None of the channels were on. There was that humming sound.

Someone said it was because the whole city was shut down and no one was showing up for work. Peddlar got up and put some money in the jukebox.

**GOLDFINGER continued on next page**

### tales from the curb

## A Shooting in Somerville



James Shearer  
Spare Change News

On Friday, 33-year-old Woman Carol Kingsley was killed by three Somerville police officers as they defended themselves. According to reports, Ms. Kingsley suffered from grave mental health issues. Also according to reports she was admitted to Cambridge Hospital hours before the shooting. She had been brought there by Somerville police but was let go a few short hours before her death. Now I know the liberal media and mental health advocacy groups are going to rail at the police for what they would call excessive force, but my beef is with whoever made the decision to release her from the hospital. Clearly if this poor woman was in enough distress that she eventually attacked several police officers and died because of it, then someone at the hospital had to notice. Someone fell asleep at the wheel over there. A spokesperson for the hospital said that due to confidentially they could not at this time discuss what led to them release her nearly three hours before she was killed. Aw come on Mr. Spokesperson, what’s with the Confidentiality BS? You guys just want some time to come up with a believable excuse. Though I can’t wait to hear it, the hospital isn’t the only one to blame. The whole mental health system let Carol Kingsley down. How can a person who suffered such severe mental illness slip through the cracks like this? If reports are to be believed, the signs were all there. Losing a child, whether by death or DSS, can have a devastating impact on a parent. According to her former boyfriend, that’s when things really started to go down hill, and the fact that she was drinking heavily didn’t help. Reports also say that she was seeing a therapist. Didn’t that person detect a slow deterioration, or was it one of those lie-on-the-couch for an hour and times up sort of things? Now, I know I’ll get some nasty emails or phone calls. Heck, the Cambridge Health Alliance may even drop me as a patient. But I will still sleep well at night. The bottom line is this, the system is broken and it needs to be fixed. Now I know someone will say, “Hey James, it’s one incident. Lighten up.” Yeah tell that to her family, or the child that will never have a chance to reconcile with her mother when she gets older. One incident is one too many. I’m quite sure there are more people out there like Carol Kingsley, who, for whatever reason, are either misdiagnosed or not getting the help they need. Her death should be a wake-up call to mental health professionals everywhere. It should also be a wake-up call to the state that the system is broken and needs to be fixed. Please do so before someone else gets killed.



# An Island Adventure

Shiela Callahan  
Spare Change News

Going through some papers, I found something I had written a very long time ago. I didn’t recognize my writing at first. It read like a torn-out page of a book with no beginning and no ending. So now I fill in the blanks. Just like life, we add on, take away or rearrange to create a new meaning, a new beginning. Each day we start anew, to do it differently, more creatively, more patiently, less hurriedly and more content. We take the opportunity to look into the still quiet places waiting to be explored, beyond this time into the timelessness of the self. Beyond what? Beyond what I see, think, touch or feel, into the abyss. It’s a place of harmony, where all the mind’s chatter is left behind to rest. A treasure of a gift, from the giver of all good gifts. So live, and be patient with yourself. Come away. Everything happens right on time. Move aside and allow it to unfold; joy, peace, and love are your birthright. Keep what is noble, just, and true. Ask for wisdom every day. I will share a bit of my soul with you right now.

Grandmother, before her journey ended here in 1967, took us on a three-day bus ride to a very faraway land. She took us to a life she once knew in 1882, before cars or TVs, cell phones or computers. Stillness was the order of the day, when people communicated with one another and with trees and

animals- the sacredness of life was sweet and cherished, when grandmothers rocked babies and small children listened to their tales of long ago.

Grandmother showed us the way to the taxi boat after getting off the bus. He was older in wisdom for his five years, my son. The day was full of bright sunlight. There was one other passenger beside us on the tiny boat, a teenage boy. We arrived on shore 25 minutes later. Standing on the broken-down dock, the captain went about tuning up his tiny boat. Looking ahead, I saw a house with boarded-up windows on the first floor and smoke rising from the chimney. I asked the the captain as he walked away, “Who lives there?” The captain’s voice trailed off, “the oldest captain who ever sailed the high seas in his day. We walked on in the opposite direction. Looking back the captain was nowhere in sight.

The shore was covered with big red rocks and red sand. It started to rain a fine mist while the sun was out. The teenage boy walked ahead of us. There was a lot of woods on one side, and ocean on the other. The dirt road wound around the island, the only road. I asked the boy, “How far to the Indian reservation?” The boy’s voice was soft and gentle. “This is as far as you can go. We don’t allow any foreigners where I live. My little son spoke, “You’re a real Indian? Do you have a horse?” The Indian boy looked at my son. “Yes, yes, I was born on my

reservation sixteen years ago and I do have a horse,” the Indian boy continued. “You look like an Indian, do you want to be an Indian?” My little son looked excited. “Yes, yes take me with you. Please mummy let me go. I want to be an Indian.” I looked at my son, “Since you look Indian, go lean to be n Indian my son. Your great, great grandmother was an Indian who lived on this island before white people lived here. I’ll set up our tent under the trees and wait for you to return.”

I felt so proud that my little son looked like an Indian, a proud race of people who suffered terrible persecution from white people. My son Vincent’s long, black, shiny hair frames his sculptured features, and his bronze colored skin.

When my son and the Indian boy were out of sight I hid the tent in a bag with the food, clothes and brushes. Staying out of sight, I followed them, as I navigated through the woods. They can’t walk too far, the island was only ten miles wide, and I could walk for five miles. A light drizzle of rain made the forest seem enchanted. The sun disappeared behind the clouds and a radiant rainbow appeared over the island.

My whole life I had wanted to be an Indian. I never believed any of those stories about Indians being savages.

The shadows of night glittered through the woods where I concealed myself. The birds were softly chirping their goodnight to one another. I

bathed in the sweet fragrance of the moist forest, the sea whispered to me. I was not alone. Seagulls called off to the distant skies to those returning home. I’m where I am supposed to be, I am home. Up ahead I heard a boy talking to other Indians. There was a big camp fire behind a thicket of trees. From a rocky ledge I laid to watch. Many Indians formed a circle to look at my handsome little son, Vincent. A small girl my son’s size grabbed his hand and danced around the fire. Vincent is laughing. A beautiful princess lady moves around the dying flame. I moved in close, it was me not someone who looked like me. It is me. She raised her arms in my direction. I wasn’t hiding on the cliff, I was her. I was dancing with my little son. The spirit of the wind was everywhere. We formed a big circle. Vincent was chanting and laughing. I’ve never seen him so happy. We danced and sang, giving thanks for all the gifts the earth freely gives us. Running Wolf, the chief summoned us to kneel in front of him. Three white doves ascended out of the flames and circled over our heads. Twins, we understand the language of who we are. My little son Vincent and I are one with the spirit of God’s beautiful creation, embraced and protected by the angels of light, we continue to give thanks for all our many blessings.

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## GOLDFINGER *from previous page*

The music came on. It was a song by the Jesters carred “ So Strange.”

Five songs later, the bartender came out of the bathroom. He sat behind the bar and lit a cigarette. His head drooped down on the bar and the cigarette burned down between his fingers. He did not move for the next half hour.

One of the young men asked Sky where he thought the virus came from. Sky leaned back and did not say anything for at least five minutes. Suddenly, a screaming man burst

through the door of the bar and ran about the room, falling over tables and chairs and spraying everyone with saliva.

Sky jumped up and punched him hard and his head snapped back blood splashing in every direction. The man fell heavily to the floor and lay there, twitching and jerking.

“My god,” someone said. “It’s the end of the world.”

Dean picked up his head, looked around through slitted eyes for a moment and then slipped back into a nod.

Suddenly an announcer came on

the television set. He was talking frantically about the spread of the virus and the extreme shortage of narcotics to combat the sickness.

“Across the city people are looting pharmacies and the hospital drug rooms. No one is safe and the official estimate is that in 23 days the virus will. . . .” There was static and then the humming resumed.

Dean looked up and turned to Peddlar.

“What time is it?”

Peddlar opened his eyes and looked at his watch.

“I don’t know. My watch stopped.”

Sky smiled at Dean and said, “That’s the best thing that ever happened.”

“What’s that?” asked Dean. “The watch?”

“No,” said Sky. “The virus.”  
(to be concluded)

Marc D. Goldfinger *is a formerly homeless vendor who is now housed. He can be reached at: junkietroll@yahoo.com*



# Looking for Shade: Summer Months Tough On Homeless Looking to Beat the Heat

Norman Watne  
Spare Change News

There seems to be a misconception as to the needs of the homeless during the summer months here in Boston. Day after day I hear people state that the summer is an easy time for the homeless. After hearing statements such as those I feel obligated to inform them as to how rough things really are for the homeless out there during this time of year.

With New England temperatures that get into the triple digits, the city can be a cruel place to try to find shelter from the baking sun. The homeless don't have the luxury of an air conditioned office or home. The homeless often try to find a shaded area, which in the city there is not too many to speak of, never mind the fact of when they do find one, there is a chance that police officers could easily make them move because

of trespassing or loitering laws, sending them back into the hot sun in pursuit of another unoccupied shaded area.

When the temperature rises, people seem to pass by those panhandlers more often even though many are trying to collect enough to get something cold to drink. It is way too easy to get dehydrated when you sit in the blazing sun with a cup in hand. Dehydration is a common issue for the homeless during the summer and is seen on a daily basis at our local hospitals at the expense of taxpayers. The American Medical Society of Sports Medicine estimates the average cost for IV fluids at Ironman events is around a thousand dollars, Something that could be so easily avoided by a \$1.00 bottle of water at your local 7-11.

For the third consecutive year, the number of homeless families in Boston has increased. In the last annual census of the city's homeless population, city officials counted 3,084 people in home-

less shelters, a 17 percent rise over 2006. While the number of homeless individuals - those without families in tow - declined by nearly 5 percent, the city's overall homeless population rose to 6,091 people, or 4 percent more than in 2006.

The only problem I have with these figures is that it only counts those staying within shelters on the night(s) of the census count. What about those homeless individuals that refuse to stay in shelters for one reason or another? Or those who are denied a bed due to overcrowding, which to be honest is more common than not, even in the summer months.

Now with that said, the summer also brings out more and more scam artists determined to take advantage of people's generosity towards those that are truly homeless. It makes it harder for you to truly know who is homeless from those who are not. When you give

one of these frauds your pocket change, it takes away from those truly in need of your support. In past issues of *Spare Change News*, I have talked more in depth on this issue and even exposed a few of the more chronic scam artists out there on the streets. However, there is no way to truly weed out all of them. Remember they learned how to dress the part and know exactly what to say. Every now and then, even I fall prey to their well played scams.

I'm not saying that you shouldn't give a person a hand out every now and then, in fact I'm saying the total opposite- but just be a little leery to whom you give.

If you see a person that you believe is homeless passed out this summer, don't just assume that their passed out drunk. See if they need something cold to drink or medical attention. Lets bring a little compassion back to Boston.





# Situations Wanted

This classified section is designed to offer advertising space to our vendors and readers. Its purpose is to better enable persons with limited resources to make connections that will facilitate their rise from poverty. Additionally, Situations Wanted is intended to unify the Spare Change community, linking vendors and readers to create new possibilities. Our advertising vendors are listed by first name and the spot(s) in which they typically sell. Unless otherwise stated, please contact the Spare Change office at (617) 497-1595.

## **JOBS**

**Cher**

*Experience*  
Vacuuming, cooking, cleaning, wash and wax floors, laundry, iron. Experience in caring for pets and over-nights.

*Contact*  
617-386-3445

**Fred**

*Experience*  
6 years janitorial; various day labor positions (e.g., catering, loading, stocking, dish washing, retail)

*Seeking*  
Janitorial, stockroom, inventory, retail  
Contact: 857-241-9444

**Robyn** (Back Bay)

*Seeking*  
Spare Change vendor and writer looking for work in office or retail environment.

*Experience*  
14 years of nursing home experience, scheduling, evaluations, ordering and stocking, customer service  
Please contact Robyn at 781-475-8287

**Luis** (Gov. Ctr.)

*Experience*  
Carpentry, plumbing, painting, stockroom, mailroom, shipping/receiving

*Seeking*  
Stockroom, inventory, retail  
Contact: big\_thug5@yahoo.com

**Kevin**

(Central Sq.; Community College)

*Experience*  
17 years in building maintenance; electrical,plumbing, cleaning; much experience in bringing buildings up to section 8 code

*Seeking*  
Caretaking, maintenance in any of above areas; offering reliable, dependable and neat service 24 / 7; free estimates; full resume and references available upon request.  
Contact: lilhoss08@yahoo.com (781)219-7486

**Robert**

(SCN staff writer and vendor)

*Experience*  
Customer service, sales, writing, food service (email for professional resume)

*Seeking*

Cooking, teaching cooking, nutrition, teaching computers (MS Word, resume design, or Internet), nutrition sales, office work, warehouse work, market research  
Contact bosonma@yahoo.com

**Ed** (Longwood Medical; North Sta.; State St.)

*Experience*  
7 years as a Spare Change vendor; familiar with dogs and other pets; friendly and reliable

*Seeking*  
Dogwalking; can be available for a flexible schedule and hours; would like to earn \$10/hour

## **HOUSING**

**Michael** (Coolidge Corner)

*Seeking*

1 BR

*Location*  
Cambridge/Boston

*Price*

\$600-750

*CONTACT*

Spare Change Office (617)497-1595

**Mattawen**

*Seeking*

Healthy home cookery + dishwashing + \$350.00 in exchange for room in Boston area apt. (Cambridge preferred) ASAP.

*CONTACT*

Mattawen at cell: 857.334.5007  
email: Gattawikwamtet@yahoo.com.  
Kewam (Thanks).

**Anthony** (Porter Sq.)

*Seeking*

1 BR apartment

*Location*

Cambridge or off of red or orange lines

*Price*

Up to \$1362 (section 8 voucher)

Contact: 857-312-8371

**Walter** (State Street)

*Seeking*

2 BR or larger apartment

*Location*

Cambridge or off of red line

*Price*

\$750-850/mo.  
Contact: 617-304-0343 (Walter)  
or 857-334-4317 (Susan)

## **ADVERTISERS**

**Norman** (North Station) &

**Reggie** (Copley Sq.)

Contracting SCN Advertisers for either Situations Wanted classified page, or for 1/8, 1/4, 1/2 or full page ads, in either black and white or color.

## **MISCELLANIOUS**

**Robert** (SCN staff writer and vendor)

*Seeking*

Laptop computer (Windows or Mac); flash drive

**Anthony** (Porter Sq.)

*Seeking*

Furniture, a TV, DVD player, plates, bowls and utensils, etc.

*Notes*

Recently received a section 8 voucher and would appreciate any assistance  
Contact: semaht2007@aol.com or 857-312-8371

**Jim** (Back Bay)

*Seeking*

Laptop computer (Windows or Mac)

## **FOR SALE**

**Robyn** (Back Bay)

*Selling*

HP 1310 series all-in-one copier, scanner, and printer.

*Description*

Approximately 3 years old; works well. Paid \$250, asking \$60

## **SPARE CHANGE IS SEEKING**

4 Apple Macintosh computers for our office (3 years old or newer). Also looking for Adobe Indesign software version CS3 or newer.



What’s your sign?

Visiting from nine states, eleven students and their guide, Rachel, volunteered at HEP for a week, recently, under the auspices of Impact Boston, a summer high school program of Brandeis University. They'll be learning to drive soon, so they'll need your help identifying their selected traffic signs.

**Jaclyn**  
*Ped Xing*

**Shira**  
*Right Turn*

**Dylan**  
*Hospital*

**Alli**  
*Slippery Road*

**Jori**  
*No U-Turn*

**Emily**  
*Merge Left*

**Liat**  
*Railroad Xing*

**Zack**  
*School Zone*

**Claire**  
*Stop Ahead*

**Daniel**  
*Airport*

**Toby**  
*Crossroad*

**Rachel**  
*No Hitchhiking*

A B C D

E F G H

I J L M

N O P Q

Sudoku

5					6			3
	1		2	3			8	
		2	5			6		
9				1		2	5	
	8						6	
	7	3		5				9
		6			1	7		
	4			2	5		3	
8			7					4

Anagrams

Rearrange the letters of these phrases to create the names of people of note.



- A.** Airy Lemon Morn

**B.** Old West Action

**C.** Slid Early

**D.** Legal Bits
- E.** Cab Mark Boa

**F.** Thin Aqua Feel

**G.** Diner Scholar

**H.** A Sharp Nail

If it’s Tuesday, this must be. . . .\*

Help Norman determine what day of the week his friends, Hannah, Shimshon and James, visited these places. Match the country to its language, then to its name of the day, and finally, after your best translation, to its English equivalent.

Monday\_\_\_\_\_ Tuesday\_\_\_\_\_ Wednesday\_\_\_\_\_ Thursday\_\_\_\_\_

Friday\_\_\_\_\_ Saturday\_\_\_\_\_ Sunday\_\_\_\_\_

Hi, Norman!  
7 days, 7 languages!

1. Srede  
2. Domenica  
3. Freitag  
4. Mardi  
5. Mokuyoubi  
6. Shabbat  
7. Lunes

See ya soon,  
Hannah

Norman!  
Seven languages, seven days

A. Japanese  
B. Spanish  
C. Italian  
D. Hebrew  
E. French  
F. German  
G. Russian

Yo, Norman! Seven nations,  
seven days, man!!

i. Jsrael  
ii. Japan  
iii. Belgium  
iv. Peru  
v. Austria  
vi. Kazakhstan  
vii. San Marino

Peace, James

Norman Walne  
SpareChangeNews  
1151 Mass Ave  
Cambridge, MA 02138

\*The heading is a hint to one of the countries and its day; it’s a title to a 1969 motion picture and a 1987 TV movie. Bon chance (good luck)!

Four heads, four tails, four moves

Place eight coins in a row having four ‘heads’ followed by four ‘tails’. Now, rearrange the row moving two coins at a time so that every other coin is heads. You have only four moves.



Solutions to previous issue’s puzzles

3	7	1	5	8	6	2	4	9
6	5	8	2	4	9	3	7	1
9	2	4	7	3	1	5	6	8
2	8	6	9	1	5	4	3	7
4	1	3	8	7	2	9	5	6
5	9	7	3	6	4	1	8	2
8	3	2	4	9	7	6	1	5
7	6	9	1	5	3	8	2	4
1	4	5	6	2	8	7	9	3

Rebus



Spare Change News



# Helping Hands

Cambridge and Boston are teeming with organizations ready to provide food and services to the homeless and the needy. If you’re in need, they’re there for you. If you can volunteer or donate, most of them could use your help.

## Food

### DAILY MEALS:

*Pine Street Inn*  
444 Harrison Ave., Boston, 617-482-4944  
Breakfast: 6 a.m.; brown bag lunches during the day;  
Dinner: 5 p.m.; Chicken truck: 11:30 a.m.  
*Rosie’s Place* (women & children only, no boys over age 11)  
889 Harrison Ave., Boston, 617-442-9322  
Lunch: 11:30 a.m. – 1 p.m.; Dinner: 4:30 p.m. – 7 p.m.  
*St. Francis House*  
39 Boylston St., Boston, 617-542-4211  
Breakfast: 7:30 a.m. – 9 a.m.; Lunch: 11:30 a.m. – 1 p.m.  
Emergency sandwiches: Weekdays 2:45 p.m. – 3 p.m.  
*Salvation Army* 402 Mass. Ave., Cambridge, 617-547-3400  
Lunch: 12 p.m.  
*Women’s Lunch Place* (women & children only, no boys over age 14, male presence discouraged)  
67 Newbury St., Boston., 617-267-0200  
Open Mon. – Sat., 7 a.m. – 2p.m.  
www.womenslunchplace.org

## WEEKLY MEALS

### Monday:

*Church of the Holy Resurrection*  
64 Harvard Ave., Allston, 617-787-7625  
6 p.m. – 7 p.m. and take-out.  
*Mass. Ave. Baptist Church*  
146 Hampshire St., Cambridge, 617-868-4853  
6 p.m. – 7:30 p.m.

### Tuesday:

*Church of the Advent*  
30 Brimmer St., Boston, 617-523-2377 6 p.m.  
*First Parish Unitarian Church*  
3 Church St., Cambridge, 617-876-7772  
6 p.m. – 7 p.m. (doors open at 5:30 p.m.)  
*Faith Kitchen, Faith Lutheran Church*  
311 Broadway, Cambridge, 617-354-0414  
6:30 p.m. (second & last Tuesday of every month)

### Wednesday:

*Salvation Army* 402 Mass. Ave., Cambridge,  
617-547-3400 5 p.m. – 6 p.m.

### Thursday:

*Christ Church*, Zero Garden St. Cambridge,  
617-876-0200 6 p.m. *St. James Church*  
1991 Mass. Ave, Cambridge  
*The Women’s Meal (Women and children welcome)*  
5 p.m. – 7 p.m. (food pantry 3 days/week)  
*Union Baptist Church*  
874 Main St., Cambridge, 617-864-6885. 5 p.m.

### Friday:

*Arlington St. Church*  
351 Boylston St., Boston, 617-536-7050 5 p.m.  
*Food Not Bombs*  
Boston Common (near Park St. T station), 617-522-8277  
3 p.m. -- 5 p.m.  
*Mass. Ave. Baptist Church*  
146 Hampshire St., Cambridge, 617-868-4853  
6 p.m. -- 7:30 p.m.

### Saturday:

*Pilgrim Church* 540 Columbia Rd, Dorchester  
approx 8:45 (*Boston Commons, near fountain*)  
We serve soup, pasta, coffee, juice, pastries, sandwiches,  
and clothing once a month.  
12-1:30 pm  
We offer a free community lunch, it is a cafe style, and we  
serve the guests, no standing in line. The meals are hot and  
made with love by our very talented chef

### Sunday:

*Food Not Bombs*  
955 Mass Ave  
(617) 787-3436  
Central Square Cambridge on Sundays from 3-5pm.

## FOOD ASSISTANCE

*Greater Boston Food Bank*, 617-427-5200  
Serves non-profit organizations such as  
agencies, shelters, etc.  
Office hours: 8 a.m. – 4:30 p.m.  
*Project Bread*  
617-723-5000; Hotline 1-800-645-8333  
Referrals to food pantries throughout the city  
*Somerville Food Pantry*  
617-776-7687  
Food pantry: Mon, Tue, Fri 10 a.m. -- 2 p.m.; Wed 12 p.m.  
-- 4 p.m.; Thu 1 p.m. -- 4 p.m.  
Somerville residents only. Those unable to use other pan-  
tries due to disability may call and ask for the Project Soup  
Delivery Coordinator.

*Brookline Food Pantry*  
15 St. Paul St., Brookline, 617-566-4953  
Tues. & Thurs. 10 a.m. -- 2 p.m.; Sat. 2 p.m. -- 4 p.m.  
Brookline residents only. Second-time visitors must present  
a letter from an advocate confirming that they are in need  
of food services.  
*CEOC (Cambridge Economic Opportunity Commission)*  
11 Inman St. (basement), Cambridge, 617-868-2900  
Food pantry: Mon, Wed 4 p.m. -- 6 p.m.; Tue 12 p.m. -- 2  
p.m.; Thu 11 a.m. – 1 p.m.; Closed Fri.  
*East End House*  
105 Spring St., Cambridge, 617-876-4444  
Food pantry: Tue 9 a.m. – 2 p.m.; Fri 9 a.m. – 12 p.m.  
Offers assistance in filling out food stamp applications (call  
for appointment).

*Margaret Fuller Houses*  
71 Cherry St., Cambridge, 617-547-4680  
Food pantry: Wed. 5 p.m. – 7 p.m.; Thurs. 9 a.m. – 12 p.m.  
& 6 p.m. – 7:30 p.m.; Fri & Sat 9 a.m. – 12 p.m.  
*Pentecostal Tabernacle Church*  
617-661-0222  
Food pantry by appointment only; no deliveries or walk-  
ins; referrals to other food pantries  
*Salvation Army*  
402 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, 617-547-3400  
Cambridge and Somerville residents only.  
Food pantry: 9 a.m. – 3 p.m. & by appointment  
*St. Francis House*  
39 Boylston St., Boston, 617-542-4211  
Food pantry: Mon. – Fri. 10 a.m. -- 11 a.m.  
Sign up at the Counseling Desk in the St. Francis House  
Day Center  
*St. James Church*  
1191 Mass. Ave, Cambridge  
Food pantry: Tues. 6 p.m. – 8 p.m.; Thurs. 11 a.m. - 12 p.m.;  
Sat. 10 a.m. – 12 p.m.  
*St. Paul’s Ame Church*  
85 Bishop Allen Drive, Cambridge, 617-661-1110  
Food pantry: Wed. 12 p.m. -- 2 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m. – 12 p.m.

*Western Ave. Baptist Church*  
299 Western Ave., Cambridge, 617-661-0433  
Food pantry: Every second Wed., 10 a.m.  
*Zinberg Clinic Pantry at Cambridge Hospital* 617-665-1606  
For clinic patients with HIV / AIDS only.  
Food pantry: Mon. – Fri. 9 a.m. – 5 p.m.  
Fair Foods \$2 a bag;  
CAMBRIDGE, St. Paul’s Church  
29 Mt. Auburn St  
Harvard Sq. Red Line  
Saturdays 10-11  
SOMERVILLE, Cobble Hill Apts  
84 Washington St.  
Back parking lot  
(near Sullivan Sq.)  
Every other Wed. 11:30-1  
Mt. Pleasant Apts. 70 Perkins St. (off Broadway)  
Every other Wed. 1:30 - 2:30  
Hearty Meals for All  
Somerville Community Baptist Church  
31 College Ave. Somerville, MA 02144  
Free Community Meals the second Friday of every month  
at 6:30pm

## Homeless Concerns

*The Women’s Center*  
46 Pleasant St., Cambridge, 617-354-8807  
Computers, kitchen, space, children’s room, and more.  
Walk-ins welcome.  
Women & children only (no boys over age 12)  
Hours: Mon-Fri 10am-8pm, Sat 10am-3pm.

*Cambridge Multi-Service Center*  
19 Brookline St., Cambridge, 617-349-6340  
City-run agency with additional community non-profit  
partners. Works with Cambridge families in shelters,  
provides shelter referrals and other housing assistance.  
Employs housing specialists for elderly and disabled.  
Office hours: Mon. 8:30 a.m. – 8 p.m.; Tue., Wed., Thu. 8:30  
a.m. – 5 p.m.; Fri. 8:30 a.m. – 12 p.m. Walk-ins accepted.  
*Cardinal Medeiros Center*  
25 Isabella St., Boston, 617-619-6960  
Day center for homeless adults (50 years & older); mental  
health & nursing staff; help with housing searches.  
Lunch served at 11:45 a.m.  
Office hours: Mon. - Thu. 9 a.m. - 4 p.m.; Fri. 9 a.m. - 3 p.m.

*Caspar*  
240 Albany St., Cambridge, 617-661-0600  
Open 24 hrs / day; emergency shelter open 4:30 p.m. – 8  
a.m.; Clients who leave in the morning may not return  
until 3 p.m.; Clients staying multiple nights must prove  
recent local residency.  
*CLASP (Community Legal Assistance Services Project)*  
19 Brookline St., Cambridge, 617-552-0623  
Free legal clinic for Cambridge homeless at the Multi-  
Service Center every Tuesday at 8:30 a.m.

*Ecclesia Ministries*  
67 Newbury Street, Boston., 617-552-0623  
Weekly Schedule for the Common Cathedral:  
Sunday  
- Worship at Brewer’s Fountain on Boston Common, 1 pm  
- Gospel Reflection at St. Paul’s Cathedral, 138 Tremont St.,  
2:30 p.m. – 4 p.m.  
Monday  
- Lunch at Sproat Hall (St. Paul’s Cathedral) 11:30 a.m. –1 p.m.  
-Eucharist & Healing (St. Paul’s Cathedral) 1 p.m.  
- Common Fellowship in Sproat Hall (St. Paul’s Cathedral)  
2 p.m. --3 p.m.  
Wednesday  
- Common Art at the Emmanuel Church, 15 Newbury  
Street, 10 a.m. – 3 p.m.

Friday  
- Common Cinema in Sproat Hall (St. Paul’s Cathedral)  
2:30 p.m. – 5 p.m.  
*Horizons for Homeless Children*  
617-445-1480; www.horizonsforhomelesschildren.org  
Horizons for Homeless Children is seeking volunteers to  
interact and play with children living in family, teen parent,  
and domestic violence shelters in Greater Boston. We offer  
daytime and evening shifts, so there is likely to be one that  
fits your schedule. A commitment of 2 hours a week for 6  
months is required. The next training session will be Sat.,  
Sept. 27, 9:30 a.m. – 4:30 p.m.

*Medical Walk-in Unit at Mass General Hospital*  
617-726-2707  
Provides minor medical care for adults. Patients are seen in  
order of arrival. MGH accepts most insurances but requires  
copayments.  
Hours: Mon.-Fri. 8:30 a.m.-8 p.m.; Sat., Sun., Holidays 9:30  
a.m.-4 p.m.; closed Thanksgiving & Christmas

*Rosie’s Place*  
889 Harrison Ave., Boston, 617-442-9322  
Women and children only (no boys over age 11)  
Open 7 days a week; provides help with housing, medical  
care, job training, financial aid and education, legal servic-  
es, rape crisis counselors, health specialists, and more.  
*St. Francis House*  
39 Boylston Street, Boston, 617-542-4211  
Meals offered 365 days / yr.; food pantry open weekdays.  
Offers a mailroom, open art studio, clothing lottery, com-  
puter library, support groups such as AA, showers, tele-  
phones, toothbrushes & razors, medical clinic, counseling  
& mental health services, housing counseling & stabiliza-  
tion services, & a women’s center.  
For more details on these services and for their specific  
times visit www.stfrancishouse.org  
*Starlight Ministries.* 617-262-4567  
Outreach van with food, clothing, blankets and worship  
Hours: Wed. 8 p.m. by Park Street T station on the Boston Common.  
*Streetlight Outreach*  
Wednesdays at 8:00 PM  
Harvard T-Station (The Pit); Porter Square T-Station  
Volunteers work weekly to serve the homeless who live in  
Harvard and Porter Squares. Volunteer teams give away  
warm food and beverages, clothing and counsel to those in  
need. Streetlight volunteers also lead an outdoor worship  
service for the entire community.

*The Women’s Center*  
46 Pleasant St., Cambridge, 617-354-8807  
Computers, kitchen and rooms. Walk-ins welcome.  
Women & children only (no boys over age 16).  
Hours: Mon-Fri 10 a.m.-- 8 p.m., Sat 10 a.m. -- 3 p.m.  
*On The Rise*  
341 Broadway, Cambridge, 617-497-7968  
Women only. Home-base during the day and advocacy ser-  
vices. Open six days / week. First-time visitors, call ahead  
or stop by Mon-Sat, 8-2pm.

*The Outdoor Church of Cambridge*  
The Outdoor Church of Cambridge is an outdoor ministry  
to homeless men and women in Cambridge. Prayer ser-  
vices and pastoral assistance outdoors in all seasons and  
all weather. Short prayer services in Porter Square, under  
the mobile sculpture near the T station, at 9:00 AM and on  
the Cambridge Common, near the tall Civil War monu-  
ment and directly across from Christ Church Cambridge  
on Garden Street, at 1:00 PM every Sunday, throughout  
the year. Sandwiches, pastry, juice and clean white socks  
available in Harvard Square and Central Square. (978)456-  
0047, 39 Brown Road, Harvard, Massachusetts 01451  
jedmannis@charter.net; www.theoutdoorchurch.net.

*Victory Programs, Inc.*  
www.vpi.org. Short and long-term residential substance use  
disorder treatment programs for individuals and families;  
affordable housing opportunities for eligible individuals;  
HIV / AIDS case management. Sites throughout Boston  
Please call for more information. (617) 541-0222 ext. 626

*Legal Aid:*  
*Lawyers Clearinghouse*, 617-723-0885  
*Shelter Legal Services (Newton)*, 617-965-0449

*The Homeless Eyecare Network of Boston (HEN-Boston)*  
is a nonprofit organization dedicated to maintaining a con-  
stantly undated network of affordable and free eyecare ser-  
vices for the homeless. If you need an eye exam or glasses,  
please visit our website, www.hen-boston.org.

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# R.i.P. George (Peanut) Beatty

For the past five years, anyone that passed the corner of Tremont Street and Winthrop Street in Boston knew the daily smile of George (Peanut) Beatty as he sold the Boston Herald Newspaper. Unfortunately, that smile has recently faded away with his early passing on May 30, 2010.

George was born the son of the late George and Barbara Beaty and received his education in the Boston Public School system where he graduated from

Madison Park High School.

Throughout his earlier years at Madison Park High School, George was a star basketball player and loved to recount the stories to all those who would listen. His love for sports continued through the coaching with teams such as B.N.B.L., Sociendad Latina, and Ebony and Ivory. Beatty also coached at the U.Mass Boston from 1998-2002.

For many years, Beatty worked at the Boston Housing Authority and as a

cook for the Boston Children’s Hospital.

Beatty married Phyllis Stockton with whom he had seven children in which his memory will survive.

He leaves behind his beloved fiancée, Liz (Mama), his seven children, Lamont, Eisha, George III, Beverlyann, Benjamin, Phyllis, Andreisha, and Stephanie Rose, and grandchildren, Cheyanne, Daisha and George IV, and a host of other surviving relatives and friends.

We here at Spare Change News send

our deepest condolences to Beatty’s family, friends and relatives.

A poem from Brother George L. Beatty’s Children

“God has reached down and took his own and carried him gently to his home

Rest my dear father from all your labor, for we know that god is able”

Sleep on dear father and take your rest.

We all love you, but God loves you best.

